



Chapter 9

An Imp Pops Up

All the kids are out at lunch. But Matt has to stay in the class. He is in shock that Miss Flock thinks he did this mess when it was all Bill.

There is so much he has to pick up. Matt has set all the crafts in the craft box. The scraps go back in the scrap bin. When all is set, he has his sandwich and a drink at his desk.

Then, there is a big flash.

A rush of wind.

The craft box falls down on the rug.

“Oh, no...” Matt gasps.

A big black imp pops up in the midst of the kids’ desks.

“An imp in my class!” Matt pants.
“This is bad!”

The imp blinks as he spots Matt.

Then it grins. “Are you not the Sun Kid Matt, who got the trust of the Imp Duchess?”

Matt nods. “Yes, I am.”

The imp flaps its wings. A bunch of scraps spill out of the bin.

“Did you bring me to this land?” it asks.

“No!” says Matt.

“Then how did I end up with you?”
The imp is in a panic.

“Hull says that there are rifts in the gap that splits Elf Land from our land,” Matt tells the imp. “So if you

fall in the crack, you pop up in our land. All thanks to King Gris's digs."

"Hull, the goblin? He got to you as well?" asks the imp. "Did he tell you that King Gris is with the basilisk?"

"Yes," Matt says in a sad way. "But I must send you back fast! Miss Flock will be back at the end of lunch!"

He brings out the Spelling Pen from his backpack.

"When you are back, tell the imps, the goblins and the elf clan that the Sun Kids will have a plan to help out," he adds.

Then he jots down: "Imp, go back to Elf Land."

The imp glints. It flaps its wings.

Then with a flash and a gust of wind, the imp does vanish. But the mess does not.

The wind and the imp's big wings trash the class. Desks fall down. The clock from the wall drops in the trash bin. There is so much stuff on the rug. It is as if Matt did not do a thing to fix up the class.

Matt sets the Spelling Pen on his desk. He runs and picks up the clock from the bin.

“Oh, no! It is the end of lunch!” he thinks.

Just then, Miss Flock steps in the class.

“What is all this, Matt?” she snaps. “Did you trash the class? I did not

expect this from you. What got into you?”

“It was not me!” says Matt.

“Well then, who did this?” Miss Flock asks.

Matt cannot think of what to say.